THE ARMY TO THE MINES

Cowing Town Toughs and Pumping Goodness Into Savage-Correspondent, Scout, Ranchman and Author.

There are scores of men in the west who have figured as dime novel heroes, with more or liss of wild and woolly fact as the basis for the blood and thunder fiction, but, not excepting Major North, or "Buffalo Bill,"

Nevertheless Crawford is rarely mentioned in the sengational gutter snipe literature of have a healthy horror of the righteous wrath that would be invoked should any of them dare to drag him into their slimy sheets.

Captain Jack is rally a great man and hence is a good man, and utterly despises dime novel heroism and its authors.

A long-haired plainsman with the latest properties of the same was taken in spite of the blazing Winchester of its owner, but when Jack won the race, which he did by a margin of several hours, the horse was returned and a satisfactory sum paid for its use.

As an AUTHOR. the day and the feeders of the trash mills

A long-haired plainsman who is said to e the handwomest man in the world, one who is brilliant in many ways and well known on both sides of the Atlantic as a magnificent type of the "Knights of the Border," recently took possession of a big saloon and employed a host of cowboys in pouring out free liquor and drumming the town for drinkers.

Other men of the would-be wild type have gone still farther and made drink compul-sory; but Captain Crawford uses no liquor, and these methods for acquiring and retain-

ing fame, although very potent with an ex-ceedingly numerous and noisy class, are sim-ply abhorrent to him.

The chief of scouts is now on the Journado del Muerto, the great plain of New Mexico, where he has herds of cattle and horses, but soon he will be in Omsha, and will fill several engagements in Nebraska, for he it known that there is, I think, no equal for "Captain Jack" as a monologue entertainer, with his poems and songs for a ground work and the campfire and trail for his subject.

It is not a lecture, but a bouquet of wit, wisdom and song. The revolver speaks, and the Winchester plays a part. Now, there are tears in your eyes, for the pathos of the speaker reaches the depths; but a moment later you are convulsed with laughter. Next your hair is on end, and you wonder if a battle is on, and yet it is only one man, a real buckskin scout, that has opened fire, with no sanguinary intent, however.

so two hours passes, and you reluctantly find yourself on the street, hunting for adjectives strong enough to express your ap-

It is not the words of the man, nor his illustrations that arouse universal interest, but it is the man himself. His methods are unique and his lauguage is eloquent; but it is the fire of genius in his eyes, the perfectly infectious musical laugh, the kaleidoscopic face, and withal a jolly off-hand way that wins every heart and makes every one happy and at home

We hear a great deal about personal mag-netism, that power which is incomprehensible; and here is the most magnetic man the writer ever met. His leonine curls, now frosted by fifty winters, hang low upon herculean shoul-ders, and in every movement he evinces a symmetry of form that is only possible with one whose life has been such that supreme physical culture was the result.

FIRST JOURNALISTIC EXPERIENCE. I first saw Jack when he was in the depths of misfortune. Friendless and alone, he was then in Omaha for the first time, and the wild young town wanted money and plenty of it for very scanty accommodations, and Jack had not a dollar.

The Omaha Bes was then a new claimant for popular attention, and it got it, in curses from the rings and corporations, which then as now, were openly or covertly fighting it. Nebraska was then an important part of Jay Gould's domain, and The Bee had risen in rebellion against that conscienceless despot Money had failed to buy, the torch and the bludgeon had failed to cow its editor; but

A piece of Bee property on which much depended was placed in charge of this young stranger—Crawford. One night he shot a man who was intent on a dastardly deed, and the trail of blood was traced for some dis ance, but the wounded vandal escaped, being aided by confederates. A crowd of drunken bullies, who were splintering a police man's club over the head of its owner, ran like sheep when Jack swung a revolver in their faces, accompanied by a clap of thunder from his lungs. Aided by Mr. Andrew Rose-water, Rev. T. H. Tibbles, Dr. Jerome Hertzwater, Rev. T. H. Tibbies, Dr. Jerome Hertz-man and the writer, all still living, Craw-ford held at bay one of the largest and most turbulent mobs that ever assembled in Dmaha. Mr. Edward Rosewater, the owner of The Bee, had learned to esteem this fear-less man, and having discovered that he was as powerful with a pen as when he wielded a revolver, he outfitted him at considerable expense and sent him to the Black Hills as

correspondent for The Bee. It was about this time that Jack gave me the story of his life, but this being more than twenty years ago, I cannot now recall the entire narrative. Captain Crawford is a truthful man, and if there are inaccuracies in the following—and some there will be no doubt—my faulty memory is alone respon-

was born," said Jack, "in Pottsville, town in the coal mining region of Pennsylvania. I am of Scotch-Irish parentage. When the war broke out my father and elder brothers went to the front. One of the latter was killed and then I took his place. My regiment was the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania infantry. Hartranft commanded us. At the storming of Fort Hell I was shot through the right breast and it came very near being the end of me. I was only a boy, but when the regiment was mustered out I was handed the commission of a captain and the boys gave me the name of 'Captain

"After the war we went back to the mines Those who survived were brave to reckless-ness and disciplined to prompt and complete ness and disciplined to prompt and complete obedience. The coal barons took advantage of this and a period of economy in the use of expensive life-saving materials followed. Before long hundreds of families were left without support through whol sale murders called accidents. If any one was convicted the higher courts promptly released the culprits. Poverty in the home drove many to drink and pure wirls were constants. to drink and pure girls were constantly going to the bad from the same cause. "It was and is part of the system to keep the miners poor and many devices are used. We fared no better than others. Mother

died of a broken heart, for one of my brothers was killed by an explosion, and father died from a fire more deadly than any produced by foul also.

by foul air. BENT ON REVENGE. "An organization of working miners was made that swept into its ranks almost every man in the mines. I was an officer in it. When men clamored for bloody revenges I lost friends, standing by holding them back, and many became my ensmies. At last the outbreak came, and it was a deluge of wrath that swept with blood and fire until the strong arm of military power crushed out the mob.

"My enemies had secured my indictment for a crime I had striven to prevent, and with my mates against me I realized that conviction was only a matter of form, so I retreated westward, and I expect to 'grow up with the country.' Nevertheless, I am not quite friendless at my old home, and when the time comes I am going back to have justice done me."

This was Captain Crawford's story. Hart-ranft became governor some years later, and through him. I believe, Jack's name was

not only cleared from stain, but he was honored as one who stood for the right in time of severest trial. IN THE BLACK HILLS.

And now we will follow the fortunes of The Bee correspondent.

On hors back from Sidney in December, 75, Jack swam the north fork of the Platte and kept his scalp from the hostiles, who were numerous and saucy about that time, until he pitched his tent on French creek,

THE POET SCOUT OF THE WEST miner was missing, so Jack assembled a few kindred spirits and organized the "Rangers" and from that time forward raving redskins found the Black Hills about the most unhealthy spot they could visit. When Captain Stirring Incidents in the Career of Captain

Jack was on their trail it meant a for that rarely stopped to eat or sleep, and whose nerve and skill was equal to any feat of

marksmanship. In those days every man on the frontie citizen or soldier, white man or red, knew Captain Crawford. Then came that expedition in which General Custer and his regiment of heroes, the Seventh cavalry, wen down to death, one and all, in the whiriwind of Sloux warriors. The most terrific deteat the Indian ever gave the white man was the battle of the Little Big Horn.

Captain Jack was with General Crook at this time, and during the Rosebud campaign he was an invaluable aid to that king of cavalrymen. When the Indians were finally defeated a number of correspondents started for the nearest telegraph station, 500 miles away. It was a race through a wilderness teeming with human tigers fresh from a feast of blood. Fame held aloft a golden "Texas Jack," or "Wild Bill," there is not a wreath to chaplet the victor's brow. Crawman slive or dead of all the fuzzy west ford was the correspondent of the New York who possesses or possessed the elements of a Herald and The Omaha Bre, two papers that who possessed or possessed the elements of a frontier hero in such prolific perfection as John W. Crawford, known on the frontier as "Captain Jack, the Poet Scout."

Nevertheless, Crawford Scout."

Terraid and the Omaha Hee, two papers that were famous for getting news ahead of all competitors. When his horse could go no farther he rode to a ranch, and, seeing a fine animal, asked for it and was refused. A man poorly mounted among hostile Indians will soon be run down and shot. Necessity knows

Our scout then followed the Indians into British territory, and soon after he drifted away to the gold mines of Bariboo, where he once again took up the miners' tools. It was not long after this that Funk & Wag-nails, New York, gave to the world Captain Jack's first book, a collection of the Poet Scout's "Songs of the West," rough as the mountains, wild as the deer, but true to nature, a mirror of the man who wrote

them.

Next we hear of Crawford in the southwest and the history of the Indian outbreaks
in that section, and during those years, is a
history of the daring deeds of this intrepid
man, now chief of scouts at Fort Craig, New
Mexico. Captain Crawford was appointed
post trader, and here he built a business village of his own and made a home for his wife
and children. The latter are now college. and children. The latter are now college bred men and women. Prosperity attends him and he frequently

visits the large cities to give entertainments to crowded and delighted houses, or to attend to business matters connected with mining,

cattle or government affairs.

Captain Jack is known in England as the author of some of the brightest gems in the western dialect class of western poetry. His welcome to Grant at San Francisco was tele-

welcome to Grant at San Francisco was telegraphed over the world, an honor never before accorded to any poet. He is also known as a writer of prose sketches full of quaint wild wit and wholly original in style.

On a recent visit across the water he had a great time with the "literary fellers" over there. I have picked up a bit of Captain Crawford's New Mexican poetry that has jumped the corral, for, be it known, Jack guarded it from publication for years, because it was, he said, "a burning libel on his own bright land, and it was written during a fit of temporary insanity, when he ing a fit of temporary insanity, when he was besieged by Governor Bradford L. Prince to write something to puff the territory, and entertain a strolling mob of east-ern people, who were more or less wealthy, famous and influential."

The springs on Jack's ranch had all given out, and his stock traveled twelve miles to water and twelve back again to grass. When water and twelve back again to grass. When they got to the water they were hungry, and when they hit the grass they were dry, and soon they began traveling to cow heaven. In fact, they were dying at a frightful rate when the puff was called for. The governor had just given a pet name to New Mexico. "The Sunshine State" was the new designation for the land where there is not a cloudy day in the whole year, and so it was suggested that a good title for the laudatory poem would be this new name.

Here is the puff (2) And in the palace which has for a thousand years echoed to the tread of Montzumas, Spanish hidalgos and American governors, Captain Crawford actually read this scorcher in the presence of some of the greatest men and women of the nation, and amid the unbounded applause of all, except the governor and other New

of all, except the governor and other New Mexicans, who wanted to lynch Jack on the

THE SUNSHINE STATE.

The sunshine state, Gewilikens!
But that's a happy thought,
And fits this sunburned neck o' woods
Exactly to a dot.
A land where there's just rain enough
To keep the cattle poor,
In spite of all the ranchers'
Earnest prayers to God for more.

The sunshine state, where all the streams
First boil, then steam away
And fishes lie beneath the banks
From morn till close of day
And use their heat-cracked tails for fans
While down their scaly sides
The scalding perspiration flows
In never ceasing tides.

Where cattle roam the heated hills,
With hot tongues lolling out
And blistered-bellied rattlesnakes
Crawl painfully about,
And lizards and tarantulas
In vain seek some retreat
Where they can get a breath of air,
To cool their burning feet.

The sunshine state. Bring forth the fon And christen her, before She turns to smoke and vanishes To Hades' torrid shore. With boiling water christen her Dip't from the Rio Grande. Shower it upon her fevered brow, With burning, sweat-soaked hand.

Then proclamate a holiday
To mark the great event,
And let the shimmering atmosphere
With vast fireworks be rent.
Let's sing and dance and shout with joy
And march in grand procession,
Then telephone the devil
To come up and take possession.

There is not much theology in Jack; never heless he is a power for practical temperance. and against foul literature, for all that is

rue, and against all that is false.
I would not have it supposed that Jack was an uncanonized saint, for he is nothing of the sort. An American saint and he St Jack-well hardly.
Nevertheless, the Poet Scout is worthy

praise and I praise him, and offer no apology for it. A little more taffy while we live, and less epi-taffy when we die, will be a change

for the better.
One time within my knowledge Captain Crawford made a poor minister take the en-tire proceeds of his entertainments. And this is simply a characteristic of the man, and I have known him well, on the plains and in the mountains, before church audiences in New York City, and entertaining the people of frontier towns; in his own home, and in mine; everywhere he is the same genial, noble, manly man; kind, considerate and be-

loved by all who know him. We will have no frontiersmen in America when this generation has passed away; but will the coming man be braver, truer, better Captain Jack is at present on the staff of the commander-in-chief of the Grand Army, and is specially charged with the duty making the next national encampment at

St. Paul a truly great reunion.

The Bones of John Hancock. The bones of John Hancock, whose broad-hand signature is attached to the Declaration of Independence, lie in the Old Granary bury-ing ground in the heart of the city of Boston The tomb lies next to the wall at the side of a busy street that had been cut down to grade, leaving the burying ground high above the street level. They are erecting a monu-ment to John Hancock over the tomb, and to get proper foundations they had to tear away portion of this wall, and it exposed the interior of the temb, with the zinc coffin containing the bones of the patriot lying next to the opening. A workman made out this inscription: "John Hancock, born January 23, 1737; diel October 9, 1793." The rush of modern Boston sweeps by what was once a village cemetery on the outskirts, and clang-ing trolley cars and crowds on foot, and in carriages surge by, not noting the resting place of the man who helped to create a nation in which things were possible that he

Bucklen's Arnten Salve. The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilbiains, corns, and all skin ntil he pitched his tent on French creek, cruptions, and positively cures piles, or no better. He here Custer City was soon built and of thich he became the first mayor.

Indians raided stock, and occasionally a cents per box. For sale by Kuhn & Co.

With the better. He better. He contains the feet satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 of the boys. Among the cents per box.

Recollections of the Boyhood of Pudd'nhead's Father.

'AN ANTIC YOUNGSTER OF SLY PRANKS"

Tom Sawyer's Cave a Reality-Spelling Down and "Singing Geography"-The Tavern Keeper's Boots and Henry Clemens' Bont.

(Copyright, 1895, by S. S. McClure, Limited.) Since Mark Twain said "The law recognizes o mortgage on a man's brain-and honor is a harder master than the law-it cannot compromise for less than a hundred cents on the dollar, and its debts never outlaw," and straightway set about paying up his debts with his pen, the good people of the little town of Florida, Mo., where he was born, have been prouder of him than ever. The house of Samuel Langhorn, Clemens' nativity, was a two-room log structure with weatherboarding of black walnut-"altogether too mean a house for so great a man to be born as his mother remarked during his last illness, and half the old ladies in the town claim the honor of having put the first clothes on the infant prodigy. Yet one of these same old ladies who knew

him well as a child describes him as "an antic youngster, not over bright, but full of sly pranks and funny ways." His mother was a superior and handsome woman, much given to dreamy speculations, and it is from her that the humorist inherited some of his nest admirable qualities.

After the failure of the elder Clemens' scheme to render Salt river navigable, the little inland town offered poor facilities for raising a family. Consequently, in 1838 the children and household goods were trans-ported in covered wagons to the flourishing Mississippi river town of Hannibal. Perhaps an hour after the family had departed Mr. Donaldson, a neighbor, passed the deserted house and heard a most pitiful wailing from within. Dismounting, he pushed open the loor and there sat Sammy, too frightened



MARK TWAIN AT 30-A RARE PHOTO-GRAPH.

to tell what was the matter. The man's heart was touched at the little fellow's dis-tress, and, taking him on his own horse, he calloped at full speed after the departing amily.

With the boy in his arms he soon overtook them, when the mother, whose forgetfulness was due to the fact that she had a sick baby to care for, remarked simply to her

"Why, Mr. Clemens, we forgot Sammy!"
The boy, unnoticed in the hurry, had crept into the pantry and fallen asleep.
"TOM SAWYER'S" CAVE.

In many respects the town to which Judge Clemens removed his family was like most other western river towns; but it had one advantage that even yet distinguished it from its sister cities—a special endowment of natural beauty. About the early home of Mark Twain were glens and cliffs, islands and caves that would foster the poetic spirit and imagination of any lad who would yield himself to their spell. How deeply these natural beautics were engraved on Mrs. Cleans. beauties were engraved on Mr. Clemens' mind his books, "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Fin" attest. Every rock, almost every tree can still be identified. The Mississippi, that in the early days often attained a

Tom Sawyer" island is still there. The cave in whose dark alleys Tom and Becky wandered, despairing and starving, is still a place of interest for visitors. When Mark Twain had his little hero and heroine wander into a hitherto un-known part of the cave in which there were beautiful stalactites and stalagmites, those who knew the cave well said he had not only drawn on his imagination, but had made a gross geological error, as a formation of crystals in that rock was thought to be im-

However, in 1892, the theories of the scientists were disproved and the author of "Tom Sawyer" was vindicated by the liscovery of the LeBaume cave, a southern branch of the Mark Twain cave, that is a perfect Aladdin's palace from its splendid formations.

The town of Hannibal then contained only few hundred tababitants, its chief support being the trade in tobacco that was raised in water mark Judge Clemens erected a neat two-story house, the first one of the town could boast, and his house a piano was bought for Miss Parmelia, "Sam's" oldest sister. For some time this instrument held brightest, best natured boy of the town. It

WHEN MARK WAS PLAIN SAMMY six distinguished, for personal beauty, and mark was in love with every one of them, nometimes singly, sometimes collectively. Every Friday afternoon there was an old time spelling match, and Samuel Clemens was usually "chooser" on one side, with one of the fair makisms as his opponent. Although he was an exceptionally good speller he always selected the poorest spellers in the room, for the sike of being defeated by the girl he loved. Occasionally, instead of the spelling match, the monotony of Friday afternoon would be varied by "singing geog-raphy." This was introduced into Hannibal by some sort of traveling mountebank, who had solicited pupils to learn geography by a patent process. He agreed to teach them the geography of the whole world in twelve lessons for the nominal fee of \$1 a lerson. lessons for the nominal fee of \$1 a lesson. The process was simply this: The pupils were seated on long benches, each one with an open atlas before him, and the leader would begin to sing thus: "M-l-r-s-l-s-s-l-p-p-l-r-i-v-e-r," and all the pupils would join in the chorus. Then the leader would jump over to the Missouri and treat it in like manner. On these occasions Sam invariably forgot his atlas, and as a punishment woul by compelled to look on with one of th girls. Then their heads would gravitate to gether and Sam would forget to sing, so great would be his bliss. YOUNG SAM AS A MIMIC.

Above his ambition to excel in his classes there towered the ambition to become a cir cus actor and some of the exhibitions he was wont to give during "recess" for the benefit of his schoolmates, were truly wonderful. He could walk further on his hands, jump higher and turn neater handsprings than any of the other boys. At least such was the verdict of the girls to whom the contests were referred for decision.

He had the power of mimicry to a remarkable degree and his facial contortions were sometimes ludicrous in the extreme. The story is still told of how he one day entercus actor and some of the exhibitions be sometimes ludicrous in the extreme. The story is still told of how he one day enter story is still told of how he one day entertained a crowd of boys with a description of
a fight that occurred in front of his father's
office. Frank Snyder, a worthy citizen, who
was acting as foremen of a jury in Judge
Clemens' court, chanced, by his decision
in a case, to offend his brother-in-law, Jim
McDonald, otherwise known as "Fighting
Mac." This terror of the village lay in
walt at the court house door until Snyder
appeared, and then pounced upon him.
"Sam" screwed up his face till it looked like
the hideous countenance of McDonald as he
strove with ever increasing fury to get hold streve with ever increasing fury to get hold of Si der, and then in an lustant changed to the scared look on Snyder's face as he kept retreating and blazing away at his assailant with a pepper box (revolver). Then the young mimic, showed how his "dad" looked when he are suited blacked when he are suited blacked.

the young mimic, showed how his "dad" looked when he ran out of his office and, in stentorian tones, commanded the peace. But "Fighting Mac" had no respect for the court. "Then," said Sam, "my dad picked up a stonecutter's mallet and he just took it this way in both hands and hit old Mac square in the middle of the forehead and he dropped like a beef."

In that crowd of boys who listened with In that crowd of boys who listened with such interest to Sam's story was one who bore the honorable name of Napolson Borapart Pavey. "Poley," as he was called, was the only son of a worthy man who lept the Western Star tavern, and the two loys often

played circus in an unoccupied back of th SAM AND THE TAVERN KEEPER. One afternoon, when they had tired of play ing, Sam became interested in old Mr. Pavey's Sunday boots, which he found in the corner of the room. The boots were "elegant," having broad turn-up toes and tops of gant," having broad turn-up toes and tops of flaming red morocco, and Poley proudly informed his friend that they cost ten silver dollars. Mark was charmed with them and vowed he would have a pair just like them as soon as he could raise the money. He looked at them from every point of view; felt them inside and out and fairly hugged them as though they were a pair of bables. Then standing them in the middle of the room, he gazed wistfully attithem. At length a bright

gazed wistfully at them. At length a brigh dea struck him. "Poley," he exclaimed, "I'll bet you a picayune I can put them boots on over my

"I'll go you!" returned his companion, and Sam set to work. By dint of much tugging, twisting, perspiring and sweating, he succeeded in landing his shoes squarly inside the much admired boots. Then he strutted proudly about the room. But alas! when he essayed to pull off the boots the unanticipated consequences of his work confronted him. The shoes seemed to have grown solidly to the boots. Tug and pull as he would he could not move them. heart, while the other boat had been un-'Poley' came to his assistance, and together they labored, but the boote moved not. At keel and chalk from prow to stern. The length Sam sank back in the corner, faint older boys loudly protested their innocence with exhaustion and despair, and gasped of theft, yet they were able to give no satisfactory account of the origin of the Lu-

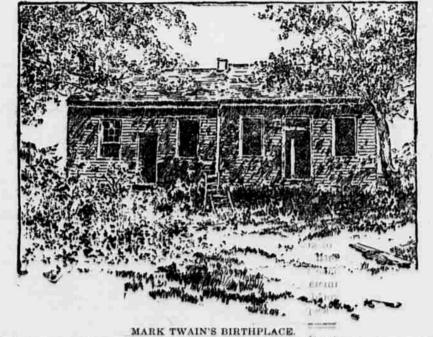
"Poley, just take your knife and split them | ticia. This suggestion was carried into effect that in the early days often attained a width of seven or eight miles, has become a very insignificant stream by comparison, but "Tom Sawyer" island is still there. had ruined his Sunday boots, but the boys clergymen.

kept their secret well.

At the time when Samuel Clemens left school and went into the printing office of the Hannibal Journal he was a rather thick-set boy of 12, with bright, ke n eyes, a head of auburn curls and an exceeding; freekled face. Nature stemed to have created this boy "just for fun." Almost ev ry word. act or gesture partook of the ludicrous. shambling, tired gait and his drawling speech that many fancy to be assumed for effect were as much a characteristic of the boy as they are of the man. His mother used

to twit him about "talking long."

Mark Twain's earliest literary productions were published in 1851 in the Hannibal Weekly Journal, most of them appearing dur-ing the absence of his brother. His cd= to commemorate the "piling" of a case of type on the very day before the paper was the vicinity. A few rods back from high to be issued, told graphically though rather water mark Judge Clemens erected a neat unpoetleally of the consternation that reigned in the Journal sanctum. The vers g appeared and in the next issue of the paper and were sung was by the gamins of the town for many a day. Sam had a younger brother, Henry, the



his means had a piano.

dispensed on the subscription plan, in a one-room frame house, about 20x40 feet in dimensions. There the common English branches were taught, first by Miss Lucy Davis, and afterward by John Dawson.

The relations between Miss Davis young Sam City Sam City

undisputed sway in the town, but Miss clemens obtained a music clemens obtained a music clement and soon every girl whose father found the luxury to reveal to the early inhabitants of Hannibal the fact that one of the Clemens family would become famous, Orion or Henry would have be n chosen rather than Samuel; however, Henry had profound respect for his brother's ability and judgment. It must

dimensions. There the common English branches were taught, first by Miss Lucy Davis, and afterward by John Dawson.

The relations between Miss Davis and young Sam Clemens were not the most harmonious, and to hear his side of the story one would infer that she was a very cross old maid, especially just after she had given in the habit of sailing up and down Bear one would infer that she was a very cross old maid, especially just after she had given in the habit of sailing up and down Bear one would infer that she was a very cross old maid, especially just after she had given in the habit of sailing up and down Bear creek. At first they would carry the boat to the Butler home and store it in the attic, and the school house. Sam was, of course, although the school house of the term Miss. Every gave her hand to a man whom hir fired considered her infritor, her former pupil exclaimed with animation:

"She didn't lower herself a bit in marying him. She is nothing but a spiteful cid." She didn't lower herself a bit in marying him. She is nothing but a spiteful cid." She didn't lower herself a bit in marying him. She is nothing but a spiteful cid. She didn't lower herself a bit in marying him. She is nothing but a spiteful cid. She didn't lower herself a bit in marying him. She is nothing but a spiteful cid. She didn't lower herself a bit in marying him. She is nothing but a spiteful cid. She didn't lower herself a bit in marying him. She is nothing but a spiteful cid. She didn't lower herself a bit in marying him. She is nothing but a spiteful cid. She didn't lower herself a bit in marying him. She is nothing but a spiteful cid. She didn't lower herself a bit in marying him she could be she when him the course of the story of the boundary of the first had a she first had a small still be a she first had a small still be a still be a



to us in the future.

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\$20.00 will anchor your trade \$25.00

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The three boys appeared outside the lattice partition and called Sam to the window Briefly they stated their mission and ther waited in suspense for his reply. The sorre A SPECIALTY Primary, Se head was thrust half way out the window and the comical features were twisted and

tiany syphilis permanently cured in 15 to 35 days. You can be treated at home for the same price undersame guaranty. If you pare to come here we will contract to pay railroad fare and hotel b ils, and no charge, if we fall to cure. If you have taken mercury, iodide potash, and still have aches and pains, Mucous Patches in mouth, Sore Threat, Pimples, Copper Colored Spots, Ulcers on ny partof the body, Hair or Eyebrows failing out, it is this Syphilitic BLOOD POISON that we guarantee to cure. We sollet the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. \$500,000 capital behind our unconditional guaranty. Absolute proofs sentenced on application. Address COOK REMEDY CO. Of Masonic Temple, CHICAGO, ILL. distorted with the profundity of thought the Sam gave a satisfied grunt and in his in-imitable way drawled out: "Put her under Dr. Norton's poarch floor." The boys de-cided that it was just the place, for no one would think of looking there for a boat. However, when next the boat was wanted the three proprietors found to their dismay that some one had discovered its hiding place and had spirited it away. Sam Clemens, Nick Moss and John Briggs deplored the loss of the boat as much as the three younger boys did, and declared their intention of having one built exactly like it for their projected piratical expedition to the IMPLETIES. island. In a very few days the clder boys appeared on the river with a handsome sail-

craft, the only point of difference being the

RELIGIOUS.

The Church of Messiah, Brooklyn,

They have a church valued at \$5,000.

all the men who elected him.

books.

The Greek Orthodox church is one of the

or radical wing of the Unitarian body, and is

president of its council. He has written many

The mental breakdown of Joseph Cook.

the famous lecturer, who used to thrill the hearts of men and women by his talk in

choice Bostonese on things which no fellow

can ever find out, is believed to be temporary.

Mr. Cook is now on his way home from

effort is expected to bring him around

Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley, editor of the Christian Advocate, and one of the best known men in the Methodist church, while

in Indianapolis recently, visited a Methodist church whose pastor did not recognize him.

The pastor suspected from his appearance that he was a minister and asked him to preach. He understood him to say that his

name was Butler, and the editor was in-troduced as "Brother Butler," a stranger from

pose. It prints the bible in ninety-five dif-ferent languages and dialects, and while many are of a high class and purchased by

The recripts of the American Bible ciety last year were over \$228,000, but this was much less than was needed for its pur-

Australia, and has shown signs of derange-ment, but careful repose from excess ve mental

boat, painted red and with the name Luticia in black letters on the bow. The boat was exactly the size and build of the missing frain, and near him sat two drunken men. Presently one of the men, with a forcible expletive, remarked to the other that some one had robbed him of a \$29 bill. His friend remarked: "Oh, I guess not; you must have it about you somewhere." But the other in-sisted he hadn't, and that he had the bill when he came aboard the train. Some one had rebbed him, and he proposed to find it if he had to search the whole crowd. "As it happened," said Bishop Paret, "I had a \$20 EMILIE DE SCHELLE. bill and that was all, and as I was the near est man to them, and the first likely to be ap-proached, I felt a little uncomfortable. Ther Rev. Eugene A. Hoffman, dean of the General Theological seminary, New York, has given \$20,000 to St. Luke's hospital for occurred to me to pretend to be asleep Sure enough, in a minute more I was ac room for the treatment of Protestant costed with, 'I say, neighbor!' but I made no answer. Then the min grabbed my arm and shook me, but to no use, as I didn't wake up. He kept on shaking, however, and always a Charles R. Baker, rector, has maintained for several years a circulating library for the blind, perhaps the only one in the United

will you; he's drunker'n you are!" smallest organizations in this country, claiming but one organization, with 100 members. A very devout gentleman of Boston has recently undertaken to teach a Sunday school class of bootblacks and newsboys the beauties of the gospel. He recently undertook to tell a story of Jacob's ladder. After he had The Methodist Episcopal Church South daims 15,017 societies, with a membership of 1,209,976. This denomination owns 12,685 graphically pictured the wanderings of the caurches, seating 3,359,466 persons. The caurches, seating 3,359,466 persons. The value of the church property is stated to be pasture, and the ladder on which the angels vere ascending and descending, he pause Cardinal Bonaparte's death leaves only and said:

seven cardinals of Plus IX.'s creation in the Sacred college. Three are cardinal bishops, "Now, boys, if there is anything in this story that I have not yet explained, you may Monaco la Vallette, Oregila di Santo Stafano, Parocchi; three cardinal priests, Von Hohen-ohe, Ledochowski and Di Canossa, while "Say, Mister Minister, did you say dem Monaco la Vallette, Oregna di Santo Seriano, Parocchi; three cardinal priests, Von Hohen-lohe, Ledochowski and Di Canossa, while Cardinal Mertel is a cardinal deacon. Urban VIII. is the only pope so far who has survived angels hed wings?"
"Yes, my boy," replied the doctor, "angels always have wings."
"Well, den, of dey had wings, what for die Rev. Minot J. Savage, since 1874 pastor of

the Unitarian chuch of the Unity, Boston, has been called to the Church of the Mersiah, New New York Life: "Dickson resents you pitching into the devil, bishop." York, as associate to the pastor, Rev. Robert Collyer, the salary to be \$8,000 a year. Dr. Savage is a leading spirit in the progressive

"On what grounds?"
"Says it doesn't do to antagonize people we may have to ask favors of in the future."

TU WHIT! TU WHOO!

Ken ye the lass wi' the gowden tresses, Ken ye the lad baith big an' braw? A lass as fair as the flooers she presses 'Neath her hasting feet I' the e'enin' fa'?

Ken ye the glen wi' the brambles breery, Where the bourtree gleams like the drifted snaw? Ken ye the foot or the face sae cheery That comes to the glen i' the e'enin' fa'? Ken ye the 'oor that 'mang 'a gaes fleetest To the lass sae trig and the lad sae true? Ken ye the joy owre a' joys the swestest?— An owlet cries, "Tu whit! Tu whoo!"

Ken ye ocht o' lips that are honey-laden, Ocht o' hearts that wi' love are fu'? Ken ye what's best for a man or maiden? The owl replies, "To woo! To woo!"



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South

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Searles & little more foreibly, until at last his friend interposed, with: 'I say, Bill, let him alone, Searles SPECIALISTS IN

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